St. MATTHEW.

THREE NEW CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

GOD reſt on merry, Gentlemen,
Let nothing you diſmay,
Remember Chriſt our Saviour
Was born upon this Day.
To ſave poor ſouls from Satan's power,
Which long time had gone aſtray.
Which brings tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, who is our Saviour,
The holy angels came,
Unto ſome certain ſhepherds
Brought tidings of the ſame,
That there was born in Bethlehem
The Son of God by name.
Which brings, &c.

When the ſhepherds heard theſe tidings,
They much rejoic'd in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempeſtuous ſtorms of wind,
And ſtrait they run to Bethlehem
The Son of God to find.
Which brings, &c.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our ſweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay.
The Virgin Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
Which brings, &c.

God bleſs the ruler of this houſe,
And all that are within.
God bleſs your loving children,
And grant you heaven may win.
God bleſs you and your children
That live both far and nerr;
God give you a merry Chriſtmas,
And ſend you a joyful New Year.

God reſt you merry, Gentlemen,
Who are within this place,
I wiſh you all good brethren
That truth you may embrace,
For the merry time of Chriſtmas
Is drawing on apace.
Which brings, &c.

We neer ſhall do for Jeſus Chriſt
As he hath done for us.

The life of man is but a ſpan,
And cut down in his flower:
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow!
We are all dead in an hour.

O teach you well, your children, men,
The while that you are here;
It will be better for your ſouls, dear men,
When your corpſe lies on the bier.

To-day you may be alive, dear man,
With many a thouſand pound;
To-morrow you may be a dead man,
And your corpſe laid under ground.

With a turf at your head, dear man,
And another at your feet,
Your good deeds and your bad ones
Then will together meet.

My ſong is done, and I muſt be gone,
I can ſtay no longer here.
God bleſs you all, both great and ſmall,
And ſend you a joyful New Year.

THE Moon ſhines bright,
And the ſtars give a light;
And a little before it was day,
Our Lord God he called on us,
And bid us awake and pray.

Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake, and you ſhall hear:
Our Lord our God died on the croſs,
For us whom he lov'd ſo dear.

O fair, O fair Jeruſalem,
When ſhall I come to thee?
When all thy grief be at an end,
Thy joy that we may ſee.

The fields were green as green could be,
When from his glorious ſeat,
Our Lord our God he water'd us
With his heavenly-dew ſo ſweet,

And for the ſaving of our ſouls
Chriſt died on the Croſs:

St. MARK.

St. LUKE.

THE firſt good Joy our Mary had,
It was the Joy of one;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To ſuck at her breaſt-bone.
To ſuck at her breaſt-bone,
Good man, and bleſſed may he be
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And Chriſt to eternity.

The next good Joy our Mary had,
It was the Joy of two;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To make the lame to go.
To make the lame, &c. Good Man, &c.

The next good Joy our Mary had,
It was the Joy of three;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To make the blind to ~~ſee~~ ſee

The next good Joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To read the bible o'er.

The next good Joy our Mary had,
It was the Joy of five;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To raiſe the dead to life.

The next good Joy our Mary had;
It was the Joy of ſix;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To wear the crucifix.

The next good Joy our Mary had,
It was the Joy of Seven;
To ſee her own ſon Jeſus
To wear the crown of heaven.
To wear the crown of heaven,
Good man, and bleſſed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And Chriſt to eternity.

St. JOHN.

St. PETER.

St. PAUL.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.